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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

A RAINY DAY.

"Pour! Pour! Pour! There is no hope of its leaving off,"—says a lady, turning away from the window; "you must make up your mind, Louisa, to stay at home, and lose your romps, and have a whole frock to sit in at dinner, and be very unhappy with mamma."

"No, mamma, not that; but don't you think it will hold up? Look—the kennels are not quite so bad; and those clouds—they are not so heavy as they were. It is getting quite light in the sky."

"I am afraid not," says the lady, at once grave and smiling; "but you are a good girl, Louisa; give me a kiss. We will make the day as happy as we can at home. I am not a very bad play-fellow, you know, for all I am so much bigger and older."

"Oh mamma, you know I never enjoy my cousin's company half so much, if you don't go with me; but (here two or three kisses are given and taken, the lady's hands holding the little girl's cheeks, and her eyes looking fondly into hers, which are a little wet)—but—but don't you think we really shall be able to go—don't you think it will hold up?" And here the child returns to the window.

"No, my darling; it is set in for a rainy day." It has been raining all the morning; it is now afternoon, and we have, I fear, no chance whatever."

"The puddles don't dance quite as fast as they did," says the little girl.

"But hark!" says the lady; "there's a furious dash of water against the panes."

"Tut!" quoth the little girl against her teeth; "dear me! It's very bad indeed; I wonder what Charles and Mary are thinking of it."

"Why, they are thinking just as you are, I dare say; and doing just as you are, very likely,—making their noses flat and numb against the glass."

The little girl laughs, with a tear in her eye, and mamma laughs and kisses her, and says, "Come; as you cannot go to see your cousins, you shall have a visitor yourself. You shall invite me and Miss Naylor to dinner, and sit at the head of the table in the little room, and we will have your favourite pudding, and no servant to wait on us. We will wait on ourselves; and I will try to be a very great, good, big little child, and behave well; and you shall tell papa, when he comes home, what a nice girl I was."

"Oh dear mamma, that will be very pleasant—What a nice, kind mamma you are, and how afraid I am to vex you, though you do play and romp with me."

"Good girl! But—Ah, you need not look at the window any more, my poor Louisa. Go, and tell cook about the pudding, and we will get you to give us a glass of wine after it, and drink the health of your cousins, so as to fancy them partaking it with us; and Miss Naylor and I will make fine speeches, and return you their thanks; and then you can tell them about it, when you go next time."

"Oh dear, dear, dear mamma, so I can; and how very nice that will be; and I'll go this instant about the pudding; and I don't think we could go as far as

Welland's now, if the rain did hold up; and the puddles are worse than ever."

And so, off runs little fond-heart and bright-eyes, happy at dining in fancy with her mother and cousins all at once, and almost feeling as if she had but exchanged one holiday for another.

The sight of mother and daughter has made us forget our rainy day.—Alas! the lady was right, and the little child wrong, for there is no chance of to-day's clearing up. The long-watched and interesting puddles are not indeed "worse than ever"—not suddenly hurried and exasperated, as if dancing with rage at the flogging given them: they are worse even than that, for they are everlastingly the same:—the same full, twittering, dancing, circle-making overflowings of gutter, which they have been ever since five in the morning, and which they mean to be, apparently, till five to-morrow.

Wash! wash! wash! The window-panes, weltering, and dreary, and rapid, and misty with the rain, are like the face of a crying child who is afraid to make a noise, but who is resolved to be as "aggravating" as possible with the piteous ostentation of his wet cheeks,—weeping with all his might, and breathing, with wide-open mouth, a sort of huge, wilful, everlasting sigh, by way of accompaniment. Occasionally, he puts his hand over to his ear,—hollow,—as though he feared to touch it, his master having given him a gentle pinch: and at the same moment, he stoops with bent head and shrugged shoulders, and one lifted knee, as if in the endurance of a writhing anguish.

You involuntarily rub one of the panes, thinking to see the better into the street, and forgetting that the mist is made by the rain on the other side.—On goes the wet as ever, rushing, streaming, running down, mingling its soft and washy channels; and now and then comes a clatter of drops against the glass, made by a gust of wind.

Clack, meantime, goes the sound of patters; and when you do see, you see the street almost deserted, —a sort of lay Sunday. The rare carriages drive as fast as they can; the hackney-coaches lumber along, glossy (on such occasions only) with the wet, and looking as old and rheumatic as the poor coachmen, whose hat and legs are bound with straw;—the rain-spouts are sputtering torrents; messengers dart along in oil-skin capes; the cry of the old shrimp-seller is hoarse; the postman's knock is ferocious.

If you are out of doors, woe betide you, should you have gone out unprepared, or relying on a coach. Your shoes and stockings are wet through, the latter almost as muddy as the dog that ran by just now without an owner; the rain washes your face, gets into the nape of your neck, makes a spout of your hat. Close by your ears comes roaring an umbrella, the face underneath it looking astonished at you. A butcher's boy dashes along, and contrives to come with his heel plump upon the exact spot of a loose piece of pavement, requisite for giving you a splash that shall embrace the whole of your left leg. To stand up under a gateway is impossible, because in the state you are in, you will catch your "death o' cold;" and the people underneath it look at you amazed, to think how you could have come out "such a day, in such a state." Many of those who are standing up, have umbrellas; but the very umbrellas are wet through. Those who pass by the

spot, with their oil or silk-skins roaring, as above (a sound particularly distressing to the non-possessors) show that they have not been out of doors so long. Nobody puts his hand out from under the gate-way, to feel whether it is still raining. There can be no question of it. The only voluntary person visible in the street is a little errand-boy, who, because his mother has told him to make great haste, and not get wet feet, is amusing himself with double zest, by kicking something along through the gutter.

In private streets the pavement is washed clean; and so it is, for the moment, in public: but horrible will be the mud to-morrow. Horses are splashed up to the mane; the legs of the rider's overalls are as if he had been sitting in a ditch; poor girls with bandboxes trip patiently along, with their wet curls over their eyes, and a weight of skirt. A carriage is coming down a narrow street; there is a plenitude of mud between you and the wheels, not to be eschewed; on dash they, and give you three beauty spots, one right on the nose.

Swift has described such a day as this, in lines which first appeared in the 'Tatler,' and which hearty, unenvying Steele introduces as written by one, "who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do." [In transcribing such words, one's pen seems to partake the pleasure of the writer.] Swift availing himself of the license of a different age, is apt to bring less pleasant images among his pleasant ones, than suit every body now; but here follows the greater part of his verses:—

"Careful observers may foretell the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower:
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine,
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

"Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings.

Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust,
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?—
His only coat,—where dust confused with rain,
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain?

"Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the dragged females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, with every spout abroad
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
There various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair," the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;

* A sedan.

And ever-and-anon with frightful din,
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.

"So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen ran them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear."

The description concludes with a triumphant account of a gutter, more civic than urbane.

How to make the best of a bad day has been taught by implication in various pages throughout our Journal, especially in those where we have studied the art of making everything out of nothing; and have delivered immense observations on rain-drops. It may be learnt in the remarks which appeared a few weeks ago on a 'Dusty Day.' The secret is short and comprehensive, and fit for trying occasions of all sorts. Think of something superior to it;—make it yield entertaining and useful reflection, as the rain itself brings out the flowers. Think of it as a benignant enemy, who keeps you in-doors, or otherwise puts your philosophy to a trial, for the best of purposes,—to fertilize your fields, to purify your streets against contagion,—to freshen your air, and put sweets upon your table,—to furnish life with variety, your light with a shadow that sets it off, your poets with similes and descriptions. When the summer rains, Heaven is watering your plants. Fancy an insect growling at it under his umbrella of rose-leaf. No wiser is the man who grumbles under his gateway; much less over his port wine. Very high-bred ladies would be startled to learn that they are doing a very vulgar thing (and hurting their tempers to boot) when they stand at a window, peevishly objecting to the rain with such phrases as "Dear me! how tiresome!"—My lady's maid is not a bit less polite, when she vows and "purtests," that it is "quite contrary;"—as if heaven had sent it on purpose to thwart her ladyship and her waiting-woman! By complaint we dwindle and subject ourselves, make ourselves little-minded, and the slaves of circumstance. By rising above an evil, we set it at a distance from us, render it a small object, and live in a nobler air.

A wit, not unworthy to be named in the same page with the Dean of St Patrick's, has given a good lesson on the subject,—Green, in his poem on the "Spleen,"—a teacher the fittest in the world to be heard upon it, because he was subject to what he writes about, and overcame it by the cultivation of sense and good-temper. Some bookseller with a taste,—Mr Pickering, or Mr Van-Voorst,—should give us a new edition of this poem, with engravings. Mr Wilkie, Mr Mulready, and others, might find subjects enough to furnish a design to every page.

"In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest when their wings are wet,
In such dull weather so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky
That's fit for simile deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books;
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in windows dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the *munna* of the day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather;
Then seek good-humoured tavern-chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heaven to be serene;
Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen."

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. VI.—CHAUCER (CONCLUDED).

Miscellaneous Specimens of his Description, Portrait-Painting, and Fine Sense.

BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

Full lusty was the weather and benign;
For which the fowls against the sunné sheen
(What for the season and the youngé green)
Full loudé sungen their affection:
Them seeméd had gotten them protections
Against the sword of winter, keen and cold.

Squire's Tale.

PATIENCE AND EQUAL DEALING IN LOVE.

For one thing, Sirs, safely dare I say,
That friendés ever each other must obey,
If they will longé holden company:
Love will not be constrain'd by mastery:
When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon
Beateth his wings, and farewell! he is gone.

[Compare the ease, life, and gesticulation of this—the audible suddenness and farewell of it—with the balanced and formal imitation by Pope—

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."]

Love is a thing, as any spirit, free.
Women of kind desiren liberty,
And not to be constrained as a thrall;
And so do men, if soothly I say shall.
Look, who that is most patient in love,
He is at his advantage all above.

(he has the advantage over others that are not so.)

Patience is a high virtue certain,
For it vanquisheth, as these clerké asin,
Things that rigour never should attain;
For every word men should not chide or plain.
Learneth to suffer—

(learn to suffer)

or, so may I gone,

(so may I prosper)

Ye shall it learn, whether ye will or non.

The Franklin's Tale.

INABILITY TO DIE.

Three drunken rioters go out to kill Death, who meets them in the likeness of a decrepid old man, and directs them to a treasure which brings them to their destruction. The old man only is given here.

When they had gone not fully half a mile,
Right as they would have trodden o'er a stile,
An old man and a pooré with them met:
This oldé man full meekely them gret,
And saide thus: "Now, Lordes, God you see!"
The proudest of these riotours three
Answered again: "What? ehur!, with sorry grace,
Why art thou all forwrappéd save thy face?
Why livest thou so long in so great age?"

This oldé man gan look in his visage,
And saide thus: "For I ne cannot find
A man, though that I walkéd into Ind,
Neither in city nor in no village,
That wouldé change his youthé for mine age;
And therefore must I have mine age still
As longé time as it is Goddés will.
Ne Death, alas! ne will not have my life:
Thus walk I, like a restéless caitiff,
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocké with my staff early and late,
And say to her, 'Levé mother, let me in.
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin.
Alas! when shall my bonés be at rest?
Mother, with you would I change my chest,
That in my chamber longé time hath be,
Yes, for an hairy clout to wrap in me.'"

(That is, for a coffin and a winding-sheet of hair-cloth.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE COCK,

(In the story of the "Cock and the Fox.")

His comb was redder than the fine coral,
Embattled as it were a castle wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone,
Like azure were his legges and his tone;

(His toes)

His nailés whiter than the lily flower,
And liké the burnéd gold was his colour,

Compare the above verses (taking care of the accent) with the most popular harmonies of Pope, and see into what a flowing union of strength and sweetness the "old poet" could get, when he chose.

He flew down from his beam,
For it was day, and eke his hennés all;
And with a chuck he gan them for to call,
For he had found a corn lay in the yard:
Royal he was, he was no more afraid.

(He had been frightened by a fox.)

He looketh, as it were a grim léoun,

(Lion)

And on his toes he roameth up and down;
He deigneth not to set his foot to ground;
He chucketh when he hath a corn yfound,
And to him runnen then his wivés all.

PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE.

This is in the pure, unfaltering style of the old Italian painters. The simile in the third line is one of the quaintnesses of an age in which books were rare,—the key to almost all the quaintnesses of Chaucer. The rest of them are connected with his adherence to the originals from which he translated, and only appear strange from difference of time or national customs. A want of consideration to this effect led Mr Hazlitt into an error, when he instanced that pleasant, scornful admonition to the sun in Troilus and Creseida, (to go and sell his light to them that "engrave small seals") as an evidence of Chaucer's minuteness and particularity.

The original of Troilus and Creseida was by an Italian; and in Italy the seal-engravers of those times were famous, and in great employ; nor was anything more natural for a lover, angry with the day-time, than to tell the sun to go and give his light to those that so notoriously needed it.

Among those other folk was Creseida
In widow's habit black; but natheless
Right as our first letter is now an A,
In beauty first so stood she makéless;

(Matchless)

Her goodly looking gladdéd all the press;
N'as never seen thing to be praised so dear,
Nor under cloude black so bright a star,

[What a pity this fine line did not terminate with a full stop! but he goes on—]

As was Creseid, they saiden evereach one
That her behelden in her blacké weed;
And yet she stood full low and still alone,
Behind all other folks in little brede,

(In small space)

And nigh the door, aye under shamés drede,

(that is, not shame-faced, but apprehensive of being put to shame,—put out of her self-possession)

Simple of attire and debonnaire of cheer;
With full-assured looking and mannere.

Troilus thus seeing her for the first time, looks hard at her, like a town-gallant; and she, being town-bred herself, for all her unaffectedness, thinks it necessary to let him understand that he is not to stare at her.

She n'as not with the most of her statúre,

(her stature was not of the tallest)

But all her limbés so well answering
Weren to womanhood, that créature
Was never lessé mannish in seeming,
And eke the puré wise of her meaning
She shewed well

(her manner was so correspondent with her meaning)

—that men might in her guess
Honour, estate, and womanly nobles.
Then Troilus, right wonder well withal,
'Gan for to like her meaning and her cheer,
Which somedéal deignous was,

(was a little haughty)

—for she let fall
Her look a little aside, in such mannere
Asesunes—"What! may I not standen here?"
And after that her looking gan she light;

(began to lighten—to restore to its former ease)

That never thought him see so good a sight.

Chaucer is very fond of painting these womanly portraits, especially the face. Here is—

introduced to us with a piece of music. The succession of adverbs at the end of the first five lines, makes a beat upon the measure, analogous to the dance he is speaking of—

I saw her dance so comely,
Carol and sing so sweetly,
And laugh and play so womanly,
And looken so debonairly,
So goodly spea and so friendly,
That certes I trow that evermore
N'as seen so blissful a treasure.
For every hairé on her head,
Me soth to say it was not red,
Ne neither yellow, nor brown it n'as;
Methought most like to gold it was.
And which eyen my lady had,
Debonaire, good, and glad, and sad;

(sad is in earnest)

Simplé, of good muchel, not too wide;
Thereto her look was not asidé
Nor overhawt, but beset so well,
It drew and took up every deal,

(entirely)

All which that on her 'gan behold;
Her eyen seemed anon she would
Have mercy. Folly weenden so,
But it was ne'er the rather do;

(She looked so good-natured, that folly itself thought she was at its service; though folly was much mistaken.)

It was no counterfeited thing;
IT WAS HER OWN PURE LOOKING.

A charming couplet! And he need not have said any more; but he was so fond of the face, he could not help going on:—

Were she ne'er so glad,
Her looking was not foolish spread.

Though dullness itself, he tells us, was absolutely "afraid of her style of life, it was so cheerful."

I have no wit that can suffice
To comprehend her beauty.

(To describe it comprehensively.)

But thus much I dare say, that she
Was white, ruddy, fresh, lively huéd,
And every day her beauty newéd.
* * * Be it ne'er so dark
Me thinketh I see her evermo;

(If all they, says the poet)

That ever lived were now alive,
Ne would they have found to describe
In all her face a wicked sign,
For it was sad, simple, and benign.

The Book of the Duchess.

And there is a great deal more of the description.

GOING TO SLEEP IN HEARING OF A NIGHTINGALE.

A nightingale upon a cedar green,
Under the chamber wall there as she lay,
Full loud ysung again the mooné sheen,
Par' venture, in his birdés wise, a lay
Of love, that made her hearté fresh and gay;
That hearkenéd she so long in good intent,
Till at the last the deadé sleep her hent.

Troilus and Cresida.

EXQUISITE COMPARISON OF A NIGHTINGALE, WITH CONFIDENCE AFTER FEAR.

And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first, when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herdés tale,

(herdsman counting his flock)

Or in the hedges any wight stirring;
And after, sike doth her voice out ring;

(Siker is securely)

Right so Cresidé, when that her arend stent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

We conclude this long article very unwillingly (having to omit a hundred beautiful passages), with a specimen of Cæsar's philosophy, particularly fit to honour the pages of THE LONDON JOURNAL.

For thilké ground that beareth the weedés wick

(wicked or poisonous)

Bear'th eke these wholesome herbés as full oft;
And next to the foul nettle, rough and thick,
The rose ywaxeth soft, and smooth, and soft;
And next the valley is the hill aloft;
And next the darké night is the glad morrow,
And also joy is next the fine of sorrow.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXX.—TRAGICAL DEATH OF A TRAGICAL WRITER.—MEMOIR OF THE ABBÉ PREVOT.

It was curious that the Abbé Prevot, the gloomiest of romance writers, should accidentally have met with a death as strange and ghastly as any that he could have well conceived. Nor is it the only romance in the history of this singular genius. He was born at a town in Artois, in the year 1697, and he studied with the Jesuits, most probably for the church. The Jesuits he left to go into the army; then left the army to return to them; again left them to return to the army, in which he became a distinguished officer; left the army a third time, in consequence of an unhappy love-adventure, became a Benedictine monk, and finally broke his monastic vows and became a writer. This monk and gloomy novelist (who, under the circumstances of those times, could not well either appear to be liable to the charge with impunity, or even openly marry) was accused of being a favourite of the ladies, one of whom left the country to follow him to England during a temporary sojourn there. He defended himself from the charge in the following manner, more ingenious than candid:—

"This Medoro," says he, speaking of himself, "so favoured by the fair, is a man of thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, who bears in his countenance and in his humour the traces of his former chagrin; who passes whole weeks without going out of his closet; and who every day employs seven or eight hours in study; who seldom seeks occasion for enjoyments, who even rejects those that are offered, and prefers an hour's conversation with a sensible friend, to all those amusements which are called pleasures of the world and agreeable recreations. He is, indeed, civil, in consequence of a good education, but little addicted to gallantry; of a mild but melancholy temper; in fine, sober, and regular in his conduct."

The truth is, he was most likely really in love on this occasion, and not "in gallantry;" nor will any lady, in these more reasonable times, wonder that he should either love or be loved, when it is considered, not only that he was a man of intelligence and sensibility, but the author of one of the most striking stories of a devoted passion that ever was written,—the celebrated novel of 'Manon L'Éscout.' And the less such a man cared for gallantry, or the more he out-lived it, the more he would care for love. He was in the habit of being in earnest; which is half the secret of acceptability of any kind; and though gloomy in his books, he does not appear to have been so in his intercourse, but possessed only of that milder melancholy, which is even-tempered and easily runs into the pleasantness it stands in need of; and this willingness to please and be pleased is the other half.

On his return to Paris, our author assumed the habit of an Abbé, and lived tranquilly under the protection of the Prince of Conti, who gave him the title of his Almoner and Secretary, with an establishment that enabled him to pursue his studies. "By the desire of Chancellor d'Aguesseau, he undertook a general history of voyages, of which the first volume appeared in 1745. The success of his works, the favour of the great, the subsiding of the passions, a calm retreat, and literary leisure, seemed to promise a serene and peaceful old age. But a dreadful accident put an end to his tranquillity, and the fair prospect which had opened before him was closed by the hand of death. To pass the evening of his days in peace, and to finish in retirement three great works which he had undertaken, he had chosen and prepared an agreeable recess at Firmin near Chantilly. On the 23rd November, 1763, he was discovered by some peasants in an apoplectic fit, in the forest of Chantilly. A magistrate was called in, who unfortunately ordered a surgeon immediately to open the body, which was apparently dead. A loud shriek from

the victim of their culpable precipitation, convinced the spectators of their error. The instrument was withdrawn, but not before it had touched the vital parts. The unfortunate Abbé opened his eyes and expired."

Prevot is accounted the second best of the French novelists, ranking next to Marivaux. He is known to the readers of our circulating libraries, not only for his 'Manon L'Éscout,' but as the author of the 'Dean of Coleraine,' of the 'History of Mr Cleveland,' and the 'History of Margaret of Anjou.' His countrymen are indebted to him also, among many other things, for translations of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and 'Clarissa.'

Imagine him thinking of the fictitious catastrophes of his novels, while realizing so frightful a one in his own death! What a fate,—to open his eyes from an apoplexy, and feel himself slaughtered:—

"To wake and find those visions true!"

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FRUIT DESSERTS.

The more general use of dessert fruit among the middling classes is another requisite wanting for the improvement of horticulture in Scotland and Ireland. If fruit, physiologically considered, is less wholesome after dinner than before it (which is questionable), it is at least more so than where drinking is substituted in its place. To prolong the period of eating, and the conversation of female society, are not only objects which afford immediate satisfaction; but, by moderating the use of stimulating liquors, tend to insure future health. Even in England, where a dessert is universal among the independent classes, there is a great want of nicety of taste: fruit is valued by many only as a symptom of the presence of wine: others contentedly use pears and plums that would be rejected at the most common French *déjeuné*; and many rest satisfied with melons and grapes, who, at scarcely any additional expense, might have pine-apples. Wherever the litter of four horses is at command, pine-apples may be grown in pits with very little trouble to the gardener, and, indeed, at much less trouble than very early cucumbers or melons. But why speak of pines, when not one family in a hundred is properly supplied with mushrooms, which ought to be on the table, in some form, every day in the year? On a small scale, the grand secret is to employ a gardener who knows his business; and to direct his attention less to raising ordinary productions at extraordinary seasons, than to raising first-rate crops of every thing in due season. On a larger scale, all ordinary and extraordinary things should be attempted that art and wealth can accomplish.—*London's Encyclopædia of Gardening.*

ROMANTIC LEGEND OF HAROUN AL RESCHID.

We are told by Khondemir, that the Khaliph saw in a dream at Rakha, before he departed from that place, a hand over his head, full of red earth, and at the same time heard the voice of a person pronouncing these words, "See the earth in which Haroun is to be interred." Upon which he demanded where he was to be buried? and was instantly answered by the same voice, "at Tus." This warning greatly discomposing him, he communicated the dream to his chief physician Gabriel, the son of Bakhtishua, who told him that this ought to give him no manner of concern, as dreams were only phantoms produced by the fumes which the humours of the body sent into the brain; and that the expedition to Khorasan, in order to extinguish the rebellion of Raff Ebu Al Seith, he was upon the point of undertaking, had given place to this imagination. He added, that no better remedy could be thought of to dissipate his melancholy, than to pursue some favourite diversion that might draw his attention another way. The Khalif, therefore, by his physician's advice, prepared a magnificent entertainment for his principal courtiers, which continued several days. He afterwards put himself at the head of his troops, and advanced to the confines of Jorjan, where he was attacked by the distemper; which increasing, he found himself obliged to leave the army and retire to Tus. He sent for his physician, Gabriel Ebu Bakhtishua, and said to him, "Do you remember, Gabriel, my dream at Rakha? We are now arrived at Tus, the place, according to what was predicted in that dream, of my interment. Send one of my eunuchs to fetch me a handful of the earth in the neighbourhood of the city." One of his favourite eunuchs, named Masrur, was immediately dispatched to bring a little of the soil of the place to the Khalif; who soon returned, and brought a handful of red earth, which he presented to Haroun with his arm half bare; at sight of which, the Khalif cried out, "In truth this is the earth, and that the very arm, that I saw in my dream." His spirits failing him, and his malady increasing, he died three days after this explanation, and was buried in the same place.—*Universal History.*

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY EGBERTON WERE.

No. VI.

THE relative proportions of the letters of the alphabet, according to the general division of them into four sorts, which I have adopted, have so far been exhibited only in the Hebrew language; and if the conclusions which it is sought to establish from them, rested on no other evidence, they might be thought of doubtful authority. But when we find nearly the same scale of proportions resulting from every new experiment, whether we make an ancient or a modern, a northern or a southern language, the subject of analysis, it is impossible not to perceive that in so much uniformity there subsists a principle. That principle may not be one of much philological importance; but yet it is interesting, inasmuch as it shows us the materials or stuff of which languages have been made, in what quantities compounded, how combined; and so gives us, as it were, a receipt for languages; not failing to impress us, further, with that fact which is equally true in the culinary science and the science of speech,—that, with an infinite diversity of productions, the component parts are few and unaltered, and that the most striking differences often proceed from some very inconsiderable variation in the proportion of the same ingredients.

You can hardly bring under view four languages more differently characterized than the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English. Their united features may serve as a universal face, in which to peer for information as to the spirit, scope, end, and purpose of human speech. The thing in which they all consent may be safely pronounced law, and any facts to the contrary regarded as contumacious.* They represent all principal historical epochs, and a sufficient variety of geographical situations; connecting the East with the West, the South with the North, and the remotest antiquity with the "current month."

Let us see, then, how they stand related to one another. The Hebrew has been considered. The following table shows the proportions of the letters as they appear in the Greek, Latin, and English. I believe that thirty lines of a language are as good as a thousand for exhibiting any general fact relative to its external structure; and I have seen printers make the nicest calculations, in questions not very dissimilar, on much smaller data. I have therefore been content to take this number of lines, from the beginning of the 'Iliad,' and again from the beginning of the 'Æneid,' for the Greek and Latin languages; and, for the English, the lines were picked at hazard, from the 'Paradise Lost,' and begin with

"But who I was, or where, or from what cause,"

which is in the middle of the eighth book. But as the English heroic line differs much as to length from the Greek and Latin, it was proper to make a corresponding addition to this portion. Our heroic line consists of ten syllables; in the hexameter the average is fifteen. The passage from the 'Paradise Lost' is therefore extended to forty-five lines, to equal the others of thirty each.

* Such is that fact related by Dr Jonathan Edwards respecting the language of the Nuhbekaneen Indians, as quoted by Booth in his Dictionary (classification of letters) viz. that it does not contain a single labial, inasmuch that after the Lord's prayer, when they try to say Amen, the nearest they can come to it is Awen, "from an aversion to shutting the lips."

Relative proportions of the consonants in the Greek, Latin, and English languages* :—

	Greek.	Latin.	English.
Lingual .	263	283	347
Labial .	70	132	176
Sibilant .	76	81	98
Guttural .	63	69	36
Total .	472	565	657

Some of these proportions, I think, will rather surprise the reader. He will not, for example, be prepared to find that our language—that same

"—harsh, northern, grunting, guttural, Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all,"—

is so far from possessing guttural consonants in excess, that these are both infinitely below the number of any other kind of letters in English, and in a proportion of nearly one to two to the gutturals in those dead languages, with which we are used to think English not worthy to be put in comparison, in any question relating to euphony. What then can be the reason that the Greek and Latin languages, with nearly double the number of this sort of letters, are yet more tuneful than our own; and that the latter, though not justifying, as we see, those opprobrious epithets of the poet, "grunting, guttural," is certainly of the "sputtering" kind, and rude of mouth? Our figures must explain it. It will be seen from these that, taking the consonants of all kinds, the total amount in the English language greatly exceeds the amount in the Latin and Greek, and it is therefore from this thick succession of consonants, which we are continually doubling, trebling, and quadrupling, and, in some words, even quintupling (as in the word *songstress*), and not from the peculiar preponderance of any of the harder sort, that our language exhibits those harsh features which have given it an ill name amongst the poets. The Latin contains a very large proportion of hard consonants, yet is far more musical than the English, being far more vocal; and in about the same degree in which the Latin surpasses the English for purity and vocality, the Greek surpasses the Latin; the proportion of consonants in the three languages respectively, being as nearly as possible represented by the figures 7, 6, and 5, as a division of the above amount by nine will show. It seems to be a truth almost universally attested, that

* These calculations must be taken with the same exceptions as the former. In our ignorance of a lost pronunciation, we must lay our account with many errors. Nevertheless, where each particular evidence is so striking and confirmatory, we need not scruple to form a few general inferences; more than this, it is true, would be presumptuous. I have sometimes thought that a good deal might be done towards rescuing ancient pronunciation from oblivion by any one with a *Walkerly* genius, who chose to read carefully through the classics with this view, sedulously considering the harmony of words and sentences, and noting all such passages—and they are not few, especially among the more artificial writers of the age of Nero and Domitian, the poetical declaimers and declaiming poets,—as furnish evidence of a particular intention in the arrangement of the words as to their result in sound, and so, in fact, weighing the language with all nicety of ear and with a constant reference to the probable designs of the writer. As an example of what I mean, I will add a sentence from Cicero, which, it seems to me, would prove quite satisfactorily, if we had no other evidence, that the C in the word *dicere* should sound hard like K: "Tum docere, tum *discere* vellet, tum audire, tum *dicere*." (He would wish to be teaching something, and anon to be learning, at one time to listen, at another to speak.) Now if the C were soft (as we pronounce it) in these two words *discere* and *dicere*, it is evident that they would both have sounded alike, as if written *disere*; and though the vowel sound were long in one and short in the other, still the characteristic letter would be the same; and, in such case, nothing can be conceived more exquisitely clumsy and *anti-Ciceronian* than this sentence, in which the above words do not merely encounter but stand in direct antithesis to one another. It is, therefore, as certain as if Cicero himself had told us of it, that these two words were *different* pronounced; and we cannot for a moment doubt that the difference of pronunciation lay—where, it lies in the spelling—in the S, which being prefixed to the C in one, and not in the other word, gave that necessary distinction in sound, without which the nice ear of Cicero could never have been satisfied with the sentence.—"Tum docere, tum *discere* vellet, tum audire, tum *dicere*."

the languages of cold countries are full of consonants, while those of warmer regions are progressively more vocal; and it is evident that the cause lies in the climate, because, under a warm sun and in a state of physical enjoyment, the mouth loves to have its liberty, and opens as naturally as a cottage window on a summer's morning, and so it forms a habit of spacious utterance, and a free and flowing enunciation, in which consonants are only keys on which to play all sorts of graceful and melodious variations of sound; they come of necessity at last, when the mouth closes. But, in a latitude where the fear may be lest in opening the lips the tongue should freeze, what is to be expected but that the mouth, like a besieged fortress, should economize all its resources, and hold out as long as possible against the enemy, never unfolding its obdurate gates but when it becomes necessary at last to gasp at some brief vowel? And it may be added, that the same cause which accounts for the thickness of northern languages generally render them still more gross, by a lazy and slovenly manner of speaking,—and why they are monotonous,—and why they are unimpassioned; for all these sins proceed from "a climate too cold." Fancy a Laplander saying *ἡλιος* (e-el-i-oi-o!) Why, he would get his death of cold before he reached the third syllable! In this word we have seven letters, of which six are vowels, and only one a consonant; in our word *strength* there are eight letters, of which seven (to speak according to common acceptance) are consonants, and only one a vowel. What a contrast! Yet both are fine; for what other word in the English language is so strong as *strength*, which seems as if you must say it with a clenched fist? And, on the other hand, what can be more musical than *ἡλιος*, which Homer, by a happy licence draws out to this tuneful length from *ἡλιέ* (eliou), throwing in vowel after vowel, on one pretence or another, as the modern Italians in their poetry scruple not to do, led by the same fine ear and taste?

Another fact which the above table exhibits, will perhaps also take some people by surprise. This is the proportion of the *sibilant*, or hissing letters. It might be expected that the English, from its known peculiarity, would show a much greater force in this division; whereas of those three sorts which exceed in quantity the corresponding sorts in the other languages, this is precisely the *lowest* in its excess. The "language of serpents," therefore, if it merit this its bad distinction, which no doubt it does, suffers not from an over-proportion of the sibilant letters, as is universally imagined, but from the fact that the quality of those letters is so remarkable, that any, the slightest, addition to their number is felt at once as an annoyance, whether accompanied by others of a different kind or not. Our language, as we have seen, is altogether more densely populated with consonants; therefore the sibilant family, though in its proportion less, is in its actual number more numerous than in the Latin or the Greek; and therefore it is, that by its peculiar faculty of overpowering the other letters of the alphabet, and making itself heard wherever it comes, this serpent-voiced enemy of ours has got us our nickname. As for *proportion*, however, Greek just as much deserves to be called the "language of serpents" as English, measured in this way;—yes, even our adored Greek! How exceedingly—how troublesomely—abounding the letter S is in the Greek; that line in Euripides is a ludicrous instance—

"Ἔσσα σ' ὡς ἴσασιν ἑλλήνων ὄσοι,"
(Esosa s'hos isasin hellenon hosoi.)

a line which was so much ridiculed by the comic poets, and which in the Athenian theatre was *hissed* for its *hissing*. This line is not to be considered as an example of intentional alliteration on the part of the poet, but as an unhappy accident, the consequence of the abundance of the letter S. Indeed, Caninius, who speaks especially with reference to the Greek language,* says, "E consonantibus nulla est crebrior" (none of the consonants is more frequent), and he instances this verse of Euripides.

* Hellenism. Alphab.

Judging from the results of my own observation, however, I cannot agree with Caninius to this extent. But the frequency of the letter is unquestionable; and if, as we are told, Pindar wrote an ode in which he contrived not to have a single S, it must have been a triumph of ingenuity; perhaps he fixed on that letter indeed, because he knew that the omission of it would be the most difficult and surprising to accomplish.

The Latin is not a whit less beset with this hissing grievance, and thus we find the old Roman poets, in the golden age of the Latin language (that is to say, not the age of Augustus), and when poetry—as yet no science—took to itself every liberty of speech that seemed fitting to the purpose of the moment—we find them, I say, at this period, often throwing S overboard, when they thought some line carried too much weight; * and Quintilian tells us (Inst. Lib. ix, c. 4) that this licence was the subject of some dispute among the critical—"reprehendit Lauranum, Messala defendit;" but why it should have been grudged, one cannot perceive, since the letter M—a most inoffensive letter in comparison—continued to be at all times liable to a virtual banishment, and from what Quintilian says, who abuses it most unmercifully, calling it *ingens litera* (the *loving* letter), (Lib. xii. c. 10), &c., we may conclude that its supposed variance with harmonious composition had much to do with this banishment. It is certain that this letter was not subject to elision in the earlier periods of Roman literature,† and if that elision came afterwards in the shape of a refinement—an improvement in euphony—it is a proof that its former fulness of expression in the face of a vowel was deemed unpleasant, though no doubt a certain natural shortness and obscurity of sound which it had in that position, may have had a principal share in occasioning its exclusion from quantity.‡

[In my last chapter I remarked on the usual distribution of the consonants into *dentals*, and was rather wroth with our orthoepists for adopting a dis-

* Many of the fragments of the elder Roman poets contain examples of this practice. See Cic. *Orat.* Quintil. *ubi supra*. J. G. Vossii *Prosodia Latina*. But various examples occur also in Lucretius, from whom Vossius gives the following:—

"Usque adeo largos haustus de fontibus magnis;"

and in the works of still later poets. Sometimes, however, the S was expressed, although followed by a consonant; as in this line of a fragment of Lucilius:—

"Ut nemo sit nostrum quin pater optumus divum."

(I don't know how it is that Vossius has not remarked this.) With respect to the elision of letters, by the way, we may be sure, from the writings of the comic poets, that the Romans greatly abbreviated their language in ordinary discourse (much more than our own practice in conversation can give us any idea of, and probably much more, in effect, than the written dialogue discovers to us.) It may be added that it stood greatly in need of such abbreviation.

† "M nunc ante vocalem eliditur," says Vossius, "sed olim corripiebant" (we cut off the m before a vowel now, but anciently it was made short) as in this line of Ennius which he quotes:—

"Insignita fere tum millia militum octo."

and Quintilian complains of superficial scholars in his time, that when they found an instance of this kind in the old books, they proceeded to alter it, supposing it to be a mistake; and so, says he, "while they think they expose the ignorance of the librarians, they only discover their own."

‡ The expressions of Quintilian in this place deserve particularly to be noted. It is evident from them that the letter M in this position was not wholly unpronounced, but what its actual value was is not so easily gathered. "Though it is [written], it is but slightly expressed, in such wise as to yield the sound of a sort of new letter. Neither is it altogether lost, but obscured, and, as it were, is no more than a certain line of demarcation between the two vowels, to warn them not to join;"—what Dryden calls "keeping the peace." From these somewhat obscure hints (sufficiently definite, however, to render it wonderful how Vossius can have made such a mistake as to say "*cum præcedente vocali eliditur ob sequentem vocalem*") it would seem likely that the sound was a middle sound between positive m and some cognate letter; indeed I believe some people have imagined from this, that it was nothing more nor less than a nasal—like m final in the French word *nom*! It is a pity that the great Roman critic should have been so mysterious on the matter as to have left the language of his country burdened with such a distressing suspicion!

inction which I conceived to be inappropriate and erroneous. I had not then seen 'A critical and facsimile, pronouncing and explanatory, Dictionary of the English Language, by James Knowles.' In this admirable and most complete work, a new analogical table of the consonants, from which this division is discarded, is not the only respect in which Mr Knowles has improved on the labours of Walker.]

TABLE TALK.

HOW TO WEIGH A LOAD ON ONE'S CONSCIENCE.

The hasty temper of the caliph (Alhakem) often involved him in disputes with the governors of his provinces, with his people, and even with individuals. Of the latter kind was that with a poor widow, who being required to sell her patrimony, that the caliph might erect a pavilion on the site of the cottage of her fathers, refused. The place was taken by force, and the pavilion erected. The poor woman complained to the eadi, who told her to have patience, and he would try to obtain justice. He accordingly went to the caliph on the first day when he was enjoying the garden and pavilion, driving an ass before him with an empty sack. On approaching Alhakem, he begged permission to fill the sack with earth at that spot. Leave being granted, he requested the caliph to help him to place the sack on the ass. Alhakem, willing to humour the eadi, tried, but found the load too heavy. "Oh, caliph!" then said the judge, "if thou canst not bear this load, how wilt thou endure the weight of the whole field at the day of judgment, when the poor widow thou hast robbed shall reclaim it of thee?" The caliph instantly restored the land, and the widow was enriched by the magnificent pavilion and furniture which were given to her.—*Universal History*.

SERIES OF LIVELY PICTURES.

W., who, by a happy choice of characteristic features, and the dexterous use of intermediate ideas, possesses, beyond any man I know, the enchanting art of painting vividly to the imagination whatever he has seen, has been for some days delighting me with descriptions of what occurred during a voyage along the western coast of Italy, the town of Sicily, and a visit to Rome. The ample basin of the Bay of Naples, with its gay shores, surmounted by the awful form of Vesuvius; the Isles of Spari, emitting flames and coruscations as he passed them in the dead stillness of night; the first distant view of Ætna, through the clear medium of an Italian atmosphere, tinged with ethereal blue, and lifting his snow-capt head in solitary majesty; the iron frontier of the coast of Scylla; the ascent of Ætna in the night, by a torrent of liquid lava, surcharged with scoria, reddening the air with its glow, and plunging with a tremendous crash over a precipice equal to the cliffs of Dover,—the pillar of smoke, slowly and steadily ascending through the vast concavity of the crater, till it caught the breeze upon the summit, and scudded horizontally away, coldly tinged by the morning twilight; the first sparkle of the long-expected sun, gilding, as he rose, the highest points of the eminence beneath, while all below was buried in a purple gloom. Sicily, through all its extent and waving shores, at length spread under the eye, like an illuminated map; and Calabria and Malta, in opposite directions, rising faintly in the distance; the approach to Rome on the south, descending through a thick forest on the flat and dreary expanse of the Campania; Claudius's aqueduct, while Rome was yet invisible, shooting athwart the level, in a long line and endless succession of arcades; the first aspect of the imperial city—the Coliseum, as he passed it, bleached to the north, and apparently fresh from the architect. The bare recital of such scenes fires the imagination, and kindles an eager curiosity to behold them; yet the perplexing difficulties, the vexatious delays, the misery of accommodation, the fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind, which would, in many cases, attend the actual inspection of these interesting objects, must considerably deduct from the delight they are calculated to afford; and it is, perhaps, only under the purifying process of recollection, that the luxury of having seen them can be fully enjoyed.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature*.

LUXURIES OF ARABIAN TALES REALIZED.

In the year 936, Abdulrahman finished the palace of Azahrâ, which he had built on a beautiful spot, where he was accustomed to pass the spring and autumn, on the banks of the Gandalguiver, five miles below Cordova. It was surrounded by pleasant meadows, enclosed by a thick wood, close to which the palace was erected. His friendly intercourse with the Greek emperors enabled him to command the marbles and the workmen of the East, and the architects of Cordova had long been famous for their taste and ingenuity. There were in the new building four thousand three hundred columns of precious marble, beautifully wrought; the pavements were of the same material, and the walls within were encrusted with it. The wood-work was of carved

cedar. In the large rooms there were large fountains, where the waters played in basins and shells of porphyry or marble; and in the hall, called the caliph's, there was a jasper fountain, in the midst of which a golden swan of exquisite workmanship spouted water from its mouth; and from the marble dome of the canopy above it was suspended the extraordinary pearl which the Greek emperor had presented to the caliph. Contiguous to the palace were the gardens, where the fruit trees were divided by thickets of laurels, myrtles, and bays, with winding pools that reflected in their clear waters the beauties of the place. In the midst of the gardens, on a knoll, whence they might all be seen, was the caliph's pavilion, where, in a porphyry basin, a fountain of quicksilver played, and reflected the sunbeams in a surprising manner. In various parts of the garden there were baths of marble of great beauty, and all the curtains and screens were of tissue of gold and silk, wrought in natural figures of animals, fruits, and flowers. "In short, within and without the palace there were compressed all the riches and worldly delights which could flatter a powerful monarch." The place was named Azahrâ, after a beautiful slave whom the caliph loved, and for whose sake he broke the express command of the Koran, which forbids the making of any statue, lest it should lead the people to idolatry. He caused her statue in white marble to be placed over the gateway leading into the garden.—*Mrs Calcott's 'History of Spain.'*

VIRTUE HAS A CORNER IN EVERY HEART.

Do you recollect a story my nurse told us of a Sicilian bandit, the terror of the country? how he saved a young child from a cottage on fire, brought it up delicately, and far removed from his own pursuits; while, at his execution, his chief regret was the future provision for that boy?—*Francesca Carrara*.

STRIKING REMARK.

The existence and operations of mind, supposing it to exist, will account for all the phenomena which matter is supposed to exhibit. But the existence and action of matter, vary it how we may, will never account for one of the phenomena of the mind. We do not believe more firmly in the existence of the sensible objects around us when we are well and awake, than we do in the reality of those phantoms which the imagination conjures up in the hours of sleep or the season of derangement. But no effort, produced by material agency, ever produced a spiritual existence, or engendered the belief of such an existence; indeed, the thing is almost a contradiction in terms.—*Lord Brougham on Natural Theology*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE omitted to mention, in our last Number, that the Editor's first article, entitled 'Wit made Easy,' had appeared some years ago in the 'New Monthly Magazine.' The mention is of no consequence in one respect; but as it is understood that every article at the head of this Journal is original (such as it is), and hitherto unpublished, unless accompanied with an avowal to the contrary, the Editor does not like to break through a plan of sincerity, which serves to aid what little value his writings may possess. Besides, the acknowledgment is due to the liberality of the proprietor of the Magazine (Mr Colburn), who permits these republications under circumstances which give him a right to do otherwise.

MR BARNARD'S letter next week. And the one on 'Statues.'

WE are obliged to CONSTANS. The error he notices shall be seen into and corrected. With regard to the writer he alludes to, we suppose he is jesting. The spirit of the remarks is surely very intelligible.

'On Reading Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,' shall appear the first opportunity.

Our Lancashire friend SCRIBE attributes to us a great deal of merit which is not our own, in those articles he speaks of in various publications. The paper on 'Cavanagh' was by Mr Hazlitt; and the articles in the 'London Magazine' (we conclude) by the present editor of the *Examiner*. We heartily wish we had the metaphysical discernment of the one writer, or the overflowing wit of the other.—With respect to the good-natured pains which S. proposes to take for us, we are truly obliged to him; but we already abound in the same kind offers.

Circumstances render it inconvenient to say "Yes" to one part of Mr J. N.'s request; but the Editor hopes he may nevertheless be able to do what he wishes on the other, should he write to him on the subject.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

WELSH POETRY.

Translations into English Verse, from the Poems of Davyth Ap Gwilym. 12mo. London, 1834. pp. 171. 3s.

THESE specimens of the productions of a Welsh bard, who was a contemporary of Chaucer's, would be a curiosity, if they were nothing more. But even under the disguise of translation, Davyth Ap Gwilym is not to be mistaken for anything else than a true poet. After the lapse of nearly five hundred years, there is still in what he has written the freshness of immortal song.

Davyth Ap Gwilym's is not a heroic lay, like that of Taliesin and the other elder bards of his country. The conquest of Wales by Edward I. extinguished for ever the light of that first inspiration. But after some time the poetical genius of the land again broke forth, though in a different fashion. The age of this revival was that in which Davyth Ap Gwilym appeared,—about the middle of the fourteenth century. "The Welsh minstrel," says the present translator, "was now content to tune his harp to themes of love and social festivity, and sportive allusions to objects of nature, and to the picturesque manners of that interesting period, were made to supply the place of lays in celebration of martial achievements. Whatever may have been lost in fire and sublimity by this transition, was perhaps more than compensated by the superior polish, vivacity, and imaginativeness, which distinguish the bards of the new school."

It is wonderful what a resemblance there is in many points between the general character of this Welsh poetry and that of Chaucer. The spirit of the same age evidently animates both—the spirit of an age in which, while on the one hand the memory and the vestiges of a by-past state of society and manners were still rife, on the other the influx of a hitherto unknown wealth, luxury, and splendour, had come like a moral day-break upon men's minds, stirring them with new feelings, speculations, and hopes. Historically, there is a considerable general resemblance between the times of Edward III. and those of Elizabeth, or rather of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which came two centuries later. In each the nation made a decided step in advance, and must have felt conscious of a progress. Hence, in both ages, a buoyancy and hilarity in the popular mind, favourable both to the enjoyment and the production of poetry, and of every other sunny influence. But we were not prepared to find that the intellectual renovation had spread itself to the extent it would appear from these poems to have done, over the outlying portions of the kingdom. The intellect of Wales, indeed, was fitted by peculiar advantages for being easily quickened by the touch of the new light. The poetry that now sprung out afresh there was only the re-opening of a fountain that had flowed abundantly some centuries before; and in this respect the Welsh bards were differently situated from their English contemporaries, who had no similar old native spring at which to drink inspiration. There was a good deal of poetry written in England, indeed, before the time of Chaucer, both in the Saxon language, and in the mongrel English that immediately succeeded it; but no connection, or hardly any, can be traced between that poetry and Chaucer's. Its authors lived and wrote in the same country with him; but that is all. He did not even write the same language with them; and in all other respects—in the style and spirit of his poetry—he is of altogether another blood and lineage. What lessons Chaucer took in the art of poetry, he received from his immediate predecessors and contemporaries in France and Italy; and perhaps he was also somewhat indebted to an acquaintance with a few of the ancient Latin writers. He certainly, at any rate, had more foreign learning than his Welsh contemporary. It is supposed from one passage in his writings, that Davyth Ap Gwilym was acquainted with Ovid; but

there can be no doubt that the only literature with which he was generally familiar, was that of his native country. This circumstance establishes one important difference between the poetry of Chaucer and the much less enriched and varied minstrelsy of the Welsh bard; but (making allowance for great inferiority of genius, as well as of reading, knowledge, and industry on the part of the latter) most of the distinguishing poetical qualities of the one writer may be found in a degree in the other. The poetry of Davyth Ap Gwilym, as well as that of Chaucer, is remarkable for its truth, vigour, and animation; its simplicity and straightforwardness; the natural and healthy flow of feeling that runs through it; its festive good-humour and merriment; its keen satiric power; the picturesque fancy by which it is irradiated in its ordinary course; and the grander imaginative painting, and tone of deeper passion which it occasionally displays.

A summary of the life of the bard is prefixed to the present translation; but upon that we shall not spend our time. The following extract will convey a sufficient conception of what we suspect must be accounted Davyth's genuine character, although the writer attempts to make out that he was in reality a man of a very different stamp,—a personage, indeed, of high moral pretension. The general strain of the poetry, to our mind, far best accords with the traditional account.

"When Davyth Ap Gwilym grew up to manhood, his handsome person and accomplishments rendered him a great favourite with the fair, in every part of the country. According to traditionary accounts, recorded in the age of Elizabeth, he was tall and of a slender make, with yellow hair flowing about his shoulders in beautiful ringlets; and he says himself that the girls, instead of attending to their devotion, used to whisper at church, that he had his sister's hair on his head. His dress was agreeable to the manner of the age, long trowsers, close jacket, tied round with a sash, suspending a sword of no inconsiderable length, and over the whole a loose flowing gown trimmed with fur, with a round cap or bonnet on his head; these he took pains to make showy, for he was inclined to vie in that respect with the beaux of his time. Thus accomplished, he thought himself happier than the old Welsh princes, though they enjoyed the possession of a mansion in every district in Wales, as he fancied he might secure the affection of every beautiful maid. Everyone, says our bard, has his favourite toy; and on a whimsical occasion he tells us he was 'the toy of the fair,' and his temper, full of ardour and levity as it was, naturally disposed him to make an extravagant use of the high esteem in which he stood with his countrywomen. Tradition has preserved a ludicrous instance of his frolics in this respect, which, whether authentic or not, is perfectly consistent with the powerful but reckless vein of humour that pervades his poems. The following is a brief detail of this incident.

"Davyth Ap Gwilym—so runs the tale—paid his addresses to no fewer than twenty-four damsels at the same time. Having an inclination, on a particular occasion, to divert himself at their expense, he made an appointment with each, unknown to the rest, to meet him under a certain tree, at a specified hour, fixing the same time for all. Our poet himself took care to be on the spot before the period of meeting, and, having ascended the tree, he had the satisfaction of finding that not one of his faithful innamorates failed in her engagement. When they were all assembled, feelings of inquisitive wonder took the place of the gentler emotions, to which, it is probable, they had before yielded; and when at length the stratagem, of which they had been the dupes, became known, the only sentiment that inspired the group was that of indignant vengeance against the unfortunate bard, which they failed not to vent in reproaches loud and long. The author of the plot, who, from his ambuscade above, had perceived the gathering storm, had recourse to his muse for an expedient to allay it, or, at least, to divert its fury from the object to which it was at first directed. Emerging partially from the foliage in which he had been enveloped, he replied to the menaces of the disappointed fair ones—which even extended to his life—in an extemporary stanza, of which the following translation will convey some idea:—

'Oh, let the fair and gentle one!
Who oft by the summer sun,
To meet me in these shades was won—
Let her strike first, and the will find
The poet to his fate resigned!'

The effect was such as our poet had, perhaps, anticipated. Taunts and recriminations were banded about by the exasperated assembly, who forgot their common resentment against the bard in this new cause for commotion. The tradition adds, that the contriver of the stratagem had the good fortune to escape unmolested in the confusion of the conflict, being thus indebted to his muse for his protection from a catastrophe of no very agreeable nature."

The first of the poems we shall transcribe is entitled a "Dialogue between the Bard and his shadow at sunset." It is full of force and archness, and contains, as the editor remarks, many sarcastic allusions to the religious orders—favourite objects of ridicule with the present writer, as they were with Chaucer. The curious way in which the lady mentioned at the beginning is distinguished, seems to indicate an extensive, as well as methodical admiration of the sex. The cool manner in which "the second Ellen" is spoken of, sounds as if we were to hear next of Ellen No. 5, or No. 6.

"As I lingered yesterday
Underneath the forest spray,
Waiting for the second Ellen,
Maid in loveliness excelling,
By the birch's verdant cowl
Shelter'd from the passing rain,
Lo! a phantom grim and fowl
(Bowing o'er and o'er again
Like a vastly courteous man)
Right across my pathway ran—
I with ague tremour faint,
With the name of ev'ry saint,
Crossed myself, and thus began
To accost the polished man:

BARD.

If thou art of mortal mould,
Tell me who thou art?

SHADOW.

Behold
In this spectre form thy shade—
Why then, gentle bard, afraid?

BARD.

By the Virgin, tell me true,
On what errand?

SHADOW.

To pursue!
Thus all nakedly to glide,
Lovely poet! by thy side,
Is my task—my heart's desire—
I have feet that never tire;
And am bound by secret spell,
All thy wanderings to tell;
To spy each wile and art,
Fairest jewel of my heart!

BARD.

Vagrant, without home and shelter,
Man of limbs all helter skelter!
Crooked, lank-shanked, luckless shade—
Shape of rainbow, hue of mire,
Art thou then a bailiff paid,
By the wolf-tongued Eithig's hire,
Into all my paths to pry?
Skulking mercenary spy!

SHADOW.

That, Sir Minstrel, I deny!

BARD.

Whence then art thou, giant's child?
Shape of darkness, huge and wild;
Bald of brow as aged bear,
Bloated uncouth form of air;
More like images that scud
Through our dreams, than flesh and blood;
Shaped like stork on frozen pool,
Thin as palmer, (wand'ring fool!)
Long-shanked as a crane that feeds
Greedy among the reeds;
Like a black and shaven monk
Is thy dark and spectral trunk,
Or a corpse in winding-sheet.—

SHADOW.

I have followed sure and fleet
On thy steps—were I to tell
But one half—thou knowest well—

BARD.

Thou may'st tell, and thou may'st scan,
Pitcher-necked censorious man!
Nought of me thou can'st disclose
More than ev'ry neighbour knows;
I have never falsely sworn
In the Cwmwd court, or torn
Lambs to death—have never thrown
At the hens with pebble-stone;

Never have the spectre play'd,
To make little babes afraid;
Never yet have terrified
Stranger maid, or stranger's bride!

SHADOW.

Gentle bard, were I to tell
Half thy tricks—thou knowest well,
Soon the dainty bard might be
Swinging from the gallows' tree!"

As a specimen of what the volume contains of poetry of a higher order, we add the piece which the translator has entitled "The Thrush and the Nightingale officiating as Priests." We may mention, by the bye, that at the poet's own marriage with the lady here alluded to, he was actually obliged to resort to the aid of one of these ministers. "The bard and Morvyth," says the life, "were united in a manner not uncommon in those days; they repaired to the grove with their friend Madog Benfras, an eminent bard, who exercised the sacred functions on this occasion, in the presence only of the winged choristers of the woods; one of which, the thrush,—the bridegroom says, 'was the clerk.'" "This poem," the translator observes, "contains many beautiful and fanciful allusions to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. I have translated it into prose, and almost literally, as the best means of conveying the spirit of the original."

"In a place of ecstasy I was to-day,
Under the mantles of the splendid green hazels,
Where I listened, at the dawn of day,
To the song of the thrush, an adept in music,
From a distant country, without delay or weariness.
On a long journey my mottled love-messenger had come,
He had travelled here from the narrow county of Chester
At the request of my golden sister (i. e. Morvyth);
A noble bell (to those who love bells) was rung:
Its sound reached to the roof of the dingle.
His robe, from his slender waist, was
Of a thousand delicately branching flowers;
His cassock you might imagine to be
Of the wings of the ardent flapping wind.
The altar there was covered
With nothing but gold:
Morvyth had sent him,
(Metrical singer, foster-son of May!)
I heard him in brilliant language
Prophecy without ceasing,
And read to the parish
The gospel without stammering!
He raised for us on the hills there
The sacred wafer made of a fair leaf:
And the beautiful nightingale, slender and tall,
From the corner of the glen near him,
Priest of the dingle! sang to a thousand;
And the bells of the mass continually did ring,
And raised the host
To the sky, above the thicket,
And sang stanzas to our Lord and Creator,
With sylvan ecstasy and love!
I am enraptured with the song
Which was matured in the birchin grove of the woods."

We regret that we cannot extend our quotations. Of the translation we have only space to remark that it is manifestly executed with very considerable talent.

COCHRANE'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review. No. II.
London. Whittaker and Co.

This is a very good number of a periodical, for which, as well as for its editor, whom we only know in his literary capacity, we entertain no common degree of respect. The articles are judiciously varied, and some of them exceedingly interesting and well written. The first of them, on the National System of Education in France, contains some striking facts, and is well calculated to draw attention to what must soon become the greatest of our own national questions. The second is the review of a new History of England, written by a learned German, Von J. M. Lappenberg; the third treats of a strange dramatic poem, called Ahasuerus, written by a Frenchman (M. Quinet), after the manner of Goethe's *Faust*; the fourth analyses the History of the Reformation, the League, and the Reign of Henry IV of France, by M. Capesigue, and the History of the French, by Sismondi; the fifth is amusingly learned and acute

on the subject of Proverbs and Popular Sayings, playing vengeance with Mr Bellenden Ker's theory on popular phrases and nursery rhymes, and yet doing its spiriting gently; the sixth is an instructive analysis of an unpublished book on Madrid, and the state of Spain in 1834; the seventh takes up the curious topic of the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages; and the eighth and last is devoted to the recent books of travels in the East, by Messrs Michaud, Poujoulat, and De Lamartine, and Dr Hogg.—We trust this bill of fare will tempt our readers.

We are not quite sure that our own estimation of De Lamartine as a traveller differs very materially from his, but we think the reviewer has been rather too severe. Of Dr Hogg's book about the East, he speaks so very favourably, that we shall take an early opportunity of examining it; and this we shall do the more earnestly, as we have heard the same opinion expressed of it by persons whose lives have been nearly spent in the Levant.

ORNITHOLOGICAL PICTURES AND DIALOGUES.

The Boy and the Birds: By Emily Taylor, with Designs by Thomas Landseer. London. Darton and Harvey. 1835. Square 12mo, Pp. 194.

IN so far as the drawing of the birds is concerned, there is considerable spirit in most of the designs by which this little book is embellished. We cannot say as much, however, for the accessories of the principal figures. In the very first cut, for instance, that of the skylark, the bird soaring high in the air being drawn fully half as large as the boy looking up to it from the ground, we must suppose ourselves viewing the whole from the immediate neighbourhood of the former. Odd as such a point of view may be thought, something may perhaps be said in vindication of it in the present case, from the desirableness of exhibiting the bird in as ample dimensions as possible. But then the boy, so seen, ought not to be made to appear, as he is here, about twice or three times as tall as the trees and church towers which compose the rest of the scene that is looked down upon. Or, on the other hand, if the whole is to be conceived as seen from the neighbourhood of the boy, and not of the bird, the latter is at least a dozen or twenty times as large as it ought to be. In short, taking the boy, the bird, and the distant terrestrial scenery, as so many distinct portions of the representation, we submit that there is no point from which they can all three be seen as they are here drawn. A still more remarkable example of the same kind of absurdity is furnished by the last cut in the book,—that of the Gyr Falcon. Had the bird stood alone, this would have deserved the praise of being perhaps the most spirited design in the book. But here again the accompanying human figure spoils all. The latter, this time, is a boy dressed in a bonnet and philabeg, intimating that the scene is in the Highlands of Scotland; and from the story, which makes the two hold converse together, while standing on the ground,—the look and attitude of each—and above all, from the distinctness with which the features of the boy's face are given—the one must be understood to be very nearly as close to the spectator as the other. Now, the Gyr Falcon is, no doubt, rather a large bird, but we never heard of a specimen the mere body of which was twice the size of either a man or a boy, or whose entire figure, when the wings were expanded, would have screened from view above half a dozen of even the most minute of our species that ever stood upright either in kilt or in trowsers. Yet the creature we have here is of no less portentous dimensions. Making all allowance for a slight elevation upon which it is placed, the length of its body, if its head were raised, would be about twice that of the boy, upon whom it is represented as looking down as if it were about to pounce upon him and swallow him up. The size of the latter altogether is not much more than twice that of one of the bird's legs, which looks, indeed, as if it could sweep the puny piece of humanity away with a touch from the tip of its wing

—of that immense wing, which sweeps over his head at nearly three times his own height from the ground.

As for the book itself, the plan of it is to make the birds one after another describe themselves in so many dialogues held with the boy. In vindication of this method, the authoress quotes Cowper's well-known lines, in which he contends that birds have always been able "to hold discourse at least in fable," whether they actually confabulate or no. But in dialogues in which birds take part, as well as in other dialogues, we are entitled to expect that some exhibition of character shall be attempted. This makes the distinction between a dialogue and a mere catechism. Miss Taylor's dialogues have certainly as little of the dramatic spirit as any we ever perused. But to do her justice, she shows no partiality in this respect; her boy is as unnatural as her birds. He makes his speeches as it were out of a book, just as they do. Indeed this is sometimes true in a more literal sense. Thus, Mr Mudie, in his "Feathered Tribes of Britain," having said of the lark, "It twines upwards like a vapour—its course is a spiral gradually enlarging—and seen on the side it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke," &c.,—Miss Taylor's boy commences his got-up recitation as follows:—"You merry, merry creature—you elegant creature! twining up to the sky, more like a curling wreath of smoke, or the mist from a mountain stream, than anything else," &c. One variation, indeed, is here introduced—the simile about the mist from the mountain stream—but, although the sound of the passage may be thereby improved, its sense certainly is not, for the ascent of the lark has about as much resemblance to mist rising from a stream as it has to the price of corn rising at Mark lane. The boy addresses the lark, and the two hold a colloquy together; but most of the other birds discharge their histories upon him of their own accord, without ever being asked a question, or eliciting a remark from him any more than if he were dumb, or had fallen asleep under their prattle. Thus, the lark having withdrawn, the puffin comes forward, and immediately breaks out: "Well, I know I am an odd-looking bird; you need not say anything about it. The puffin family has a character of its own. We are all respectable people—very;—there is something of the steady old housekeeper-look about us," and so forth, in a manner in which surely neither man nor beast ever went on, in the circumstances. This is the writer's familiar style; she has also, however, one of a grander and more poetical kind. The Golden Eagle is made to make itself ridiculous in the following fashion:—

"Must I come too? Must even the proud golden eagle stoop down from his eyrie on the ledge of the steep sea-cliff, and submit to be questioned by a child? You have been looking towards me, I know, good part of the day. I have seen your curious eye vainly trying to spy out my ways and my doings; but the sun blinded you, and the distance was too much for you; and though I have had you before me the whole time, you have scarcely been able to say you have seen me yet. Yes, I will come down; for what harm can you do me, poor little child; and why should not you learn what you desire? But the rushing of my wings, if I were to descend with all my force near you, would be a startling thing, and you shall first see me sail in my majesty over the valley.

"There! Am not I indeed a noble creature? How I ride in the high air, glorying in my might! I am not thinking of my prey now; I am only sailing idly along for your amusement and my own, enjoying the calm sky, and this bright sun, and caring nothing for what is doing upon earth. Must you see me in my terrible hour," &c. &c.

The book, however, is, we have no doubt, very well intended, and will be found amusing by young people, who will not read it through without gaining a considerable acquaintance with the ways of some of the most interesting of the winged tribes. The birds described are the Sky-lark, the Puffin-Auk, or Coulterneb, the Chimney Swallow, the Great Tit, the Little Blue Tit, the Long-tailed Tit, the Golden Eagle, the Fish-Hawk, or Osprey, the Rook, the Willow Wren, the Golden-crested Wren, the Woodpecker, the Robin Red Breast, the Cuckoo, the Little Brown Wren, the Fern Owl, the Eider Duck, and the Gyr-Falcon.

LONDON WATER.

THE four elements are attainable in very different degrees of excellence in this great city of London. Earth, as much as is wanted, may be procured in Covent-garden market, in choice condition, for the purpose of drawing-room agriculture. Air is not to be had at all in its best state for the oxygenation of our bloods, and is but indifferent for anything. Fire, the best of all kinds (excepting, perhaps, the volcanic, and the Greek, which we have lost,) is to be bought in various shapes and vehicles. But water! alas! water, though there is plenty, yet is there much difficulty in getting it good.

Water, water every where,
Yet not one drop to drink!

We are not, indeed, forbidden to drink. On the contrary, the bibbing of bad water rather meets with encouragement; but he who swallows water in this curious city,—this strange muddle of the worst and the best—must be content to engulph with the entering stream, the most horrible concourse of monsters and monstrosities, dead and living. The dead most shocking, inasmuch as they are dead; the living most horrible, because most opposed to our nature and propensities. To swallow a motley troop of microscopic jack-asses, horses, cows, dogs, cats, goats, sheep, deer, rats, mice, moles, badgers, foxes, weasels, polecats, hedgehogs, pigs, buffaloes, and the like, would be evil bad enough; but these, though a quaint sustenance, would be but little odious, in comparison with the monsters of the fourth element.

For all that here on earth we dreadful hold,
Be but as bags to searfen babes withal,
Compared to the creatures in the seas' entrail.

And 'like master, like man,'—like sea, like river,—the creatures of the liquid world, seem all the farthest remove from our own nature, the most repulsive and loathsome, be they great or small. Even our old acquaintance, that singular fellow whom we occasionally see, when the water has just been turned on, or the pump just repaired,—that semi-transparent, many-legged, restless individual, the whale of a glass of water, preying upon invisible shoals,—active though he be, industrious, independent, and in some sort beautiful withal,—even this respectable fisher we cannot think of between our jaws without a shudder, and a convulsive pressure of the tongue against the palate, as though we could not swallow even the thought of him. And yet these people, and even more loathsome still, not to mention exuvie and animal remains still more wretched to think of, thicken the water we daily drink, in our tea, in our soup, our beer, and in the simple draught; calling it to the sight, perverting its taste, making stale what should be fresh, lading it with a faint and disgusting scent, and poisoning what should be sweet and most wholesome.

Such is the water that haunts us in all parts of this most famous, most rich, most magnificent, and most noble city; where we may have anything for money; where pleasure and convenience start up at the touch of the golden talisman! Such is the water from which we must turn our thoughts if we would drink; or clean our teeth; or even wash. Did you ever, reader, meet with the water in which a leech had died? We have; and going to wash, or rinse our mouth, the identical and most hideous scent has often turned us with an unspeakable revulsion from the water.

Some years back, we saw a pamphlet entitled "The Dolphins," which exhibited, clearly enough, the evils of the Thames water, from which London is greatly supplied. We have been favoured lately with another called a "Prospectus of the Metropolis Pure Soft Spring-Water Company," which exhibits still more generally the unfitness for all purposes, not merely, though principally of the Thames water, but also of all the water at present supplied to the public; excepting, of course, certain private wells and springs, which afford but a small fraction of the whole supply. The evidence against the water now in use, appears to be most clear and conclusive; and the only wonder is, that mere habit, and an ignorance of

the importance of the subject, have allowed the inhabitants of a place like London, to remain contented for so long a period with the vilest water. There are other places where the water is vitiated more obviously to our senses; but we do not remember ever to have heard of a city whose general supply is more polluted in fact. For the details of these evils we must refer the reader who consults the safety and well-being of his bodily tenement, to the pages of the prospectus.

But the pamphlet does not alone expose the ill; it proposes the remedy; and of all the projects for affording a better supply to the metropolis, their's appears to us the most ingenious, the most practicable, and the most complete in every way. Nor is the interest of the property already vested in other companies unconsidered; but things are to be so arranged that the new company will be able to supply them at a less expense than they now lay out on collecting the wretched stuff we use. And, last, and not least, we, the consumers, are to pay less for this excellent article, than we now expend on the poison for which we are at present so heavily taxed. We can only say, that if the committee succeed in realizing their expectations, they will deserve the thanks of the whole metropolis, as its best of benefactors.

We shall give an extract or two, to convey some idea of the plan proposed by the pamphlet; but we heartily recommend our readers to possess themselves of the whole at once.

"The Metropolis Pure Spring Water Company have reason to conclude, that every impediment will be removed, and water, free from animal and vegetable impurities, be obtained in any desirable quantity, without being liable to any of the causes of contamination to which water, as it is at present supplied, is and must continue to be liable.

"There will be no means of contamination from the action of the sun and air, nor from water drawn from under ice and snow, in which all sorts of deleterious substances are concentrated. The pure water may at once be served to the inhabitants, without the necessity of costly reservoirs, to produce partial subsidence of impurities mechanically mixed with the water; the yet more costly filtering ponds, which leave all the noxious matters held in chemical solution, just as they were when the water was taken from its impure sources; nor the still greater expense of pumping the water into reservoirs, to be again pumped into mains for the use of the inhabitants.

"Respecting the quality of the soft spring water, there is no dispute. Its goodness is admitted by all who are acquainted with it, and its fame has led to the sinking of an immense number of wells, to obtain it for special uses, for which the river waters have been found too impure.

"Whenever the water has been mentioned by witnesses before the Commissioners and Parliamentary Committees, its superior qualities have, without a single exception, been admitted, and some direct and conclusive evidence of those qualities has been given.

"The question respecting quantity, alone remains to be decided; and this the Company will set at rest by experiment.

"It is well known, that whenever the bed of clay which overlays the chalk, which by geologists is termed the London clay, has been pierced or bored through, a bed of fine sand has been discovered, which separates the clay from the chalk beneath it. With this sand there is abundance of very pure soft water, suitable to all the purposes of life.

"Very extensive and valuable information respecting this water is given in the 'Outlines of Geology,' by Messrs Conybear and Phillips, among which it is observed, 'that the water afforded by the wells, which rises from the sands of the plastic clay formation, underlying it, is very limpid and free from salts; it is, therefore, what is termed soft in a remarkable degree; is adapted to every domestic purpose, and never fails.'

"From the same authority, as well as from numerous observations and inquiries carefully made,

it appears that the water referred to rises to considerable heights, the least of which that has hitherto been examined, is the level of high water mark in the river Thames; while in some places it rises to between 300 and 400 feet above that level.

"The general distribution of this water over an immense space, is proved by the invariable success of the many attempts made to obtain it, whenever the operations have been properly conducted.

"The quantity appears to be unlimited, as is shown by the very great number of wells sunk by private individuals for their own use, by hotel and tavern keepers, by brewers, distillers, dyers, sugar refiners, and for the use of steam-engines, and other purposes in many manufactories and trade concerns, without any diminution of the supply.

"Deficiencies have, however, occurred, but when the causes have been sought, they have been found to have been occasioned by the choking of the orifices through which the water has been received into the wells, the orifices being usually of very small diameters: such, however, is the quantity, and such the force with which the water rises, that upwards of three hundred gallons per minute have been obtained, continuously through one of these orifices, the diameter of which was only five inches.

"From a very great number of facts which have been noticed and recorded, it appears that generally throughout the district in which the water is found, upwards of one hundred gallons of water per minute, from a pipe of five inches diameter, may be taken as the minimum.

"The quantity obtained at any one place seems to be limited only by the size of the orifice through which it comes. If then this be taken as a rule, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be taken as a rule, one orifice, about six feet in diameter, will afford a supply equal to the whole quantity supplied to the Metropolis by all the Water Companies on both sides of the river, that quantity being estimated in excess at 38,000,000 of gallons daily.

"It follows, then, that to obtain a supply of this excellent water with the greatest certainty, and in the same state at all times, and in all seasons, it is not necessary to incur any very heavy comparative expense with the great object so desirable to be accomplished.

"The quantity daily supplied by the Water Companies is in itself an immense quantity; and it may be asked, are the operations of nature such as will continually enable you to draw so large a quantity from the sand beneath the London clay? A little consideration will entirely dispel the doubt. Great as is the quantity to our senses, it is perfectly insignificant in comparison with the processes which nature is continually carrying on. This insignificance is at once manifested by the fact, that if, as there seems to be no doubt, the water be distributed under the whole surface of the London clay, the daily quantity of 38,000,000 of gallons taken from it would make scarcely the least appreciable difference, it being less than the diameter of a film from a spider's web."

Thornton Mechanics' Institution.—The first annual meeting of this Institution was held on the 2nd of July last, the Rev. J. Gregory, President of the Society, in the chair. It appeared, from the secretary's report, that twenty-six lectures on scientific, geographical, literary, and other subjects, had been delivered during the year, all of which, except three on chemistry and electricity, and one on the manners and customs of the Jews, have been given by the members of the Institute. The librarian's report stated that reading prevails to a considerable extent, 750 deliveries of books having been made during the year, and that there is a valuable and select, though not extensive, collection of books for the use of the members. The Institution having only finished the first year of its existence, much cannot be said of what has been done; but the prospects of the society are fair, and, from the unanimity of the members, considerable good may be expected to result from future efforts.

LONDON:

CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Pultney Street.